

On the Most High and Mighty Monarch
King JAMES the II.

His Exaltation on the Throne of *ENGLAND*.
Being an Excellent New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Hark! the Thundring Canons Roar.*



[1]
H Ark! the Bells and Steeples Ring!
Health to *JAMES* our Royal K.
Heav'n approves the Offering
Resounding in a *CHORUS*;
Let your Sacrifice aspire,
Richest Gums Perfume the Fire,
Angels, and the Sacred Quire
Have led the way before us.

[2]
Through loud *Storms* & *Tempests* driv'n,
This wrong'd Prince to Us was giv'n,
The mighty *James*, preserv'd by Heav'n
To be a future Blessing:
The Anointed Instrument,
Good Great *CHARLES* to Represent,
And fill our Souls with that Content,
Which we are now possessing.

[3]
Justice, Plenty, *VVealth* and Peace,
VVith the Fruitful Lands Increase,
All the Treasure of the Seas,
VVith Him to Us are given.
As the *Brother*, Just, and Good,
From whose *Royal Father's* Blood,
Clemency runs like a Flood,
A Legacy from Heaven.

[4]
Summon'd young to fierce *Alarms*,
Born a *Mars* in midst of Arms,
His good Angel kept from Harms,
The Peoples Joy and *VVonder*;
Early *Lawrels* Crown'd his Brow,
And the Crowd did Praise allow,
VVhilst against the *Belgick* Foe
Great *Jove* imploy'd his Thunder.

[5]
Like Him none e're fill'd the Throne,
Never Courage yet was known
VVith so much Conduct met in One,
To claim our due Devotion;
VVho made the *Belgick Lyon* Roar,
Drove 'em back to their own Shore,
To humble, and Inroach no more
Upon the *British* Ocean.

[6]
VVhen poor *Holland* first grew Proud,
Sawcy, Insolent, and Loud,
Great *James* subdu'd the *boyst'rous* croud,
The foamy Ocean Stemming;
His Countreys Glory, and its Good
He valu'd dearer than his Blood,
And rid sole *Sovereign* o're the Flood,
In spight of *French* or *Flemming*.

[7]
VVhen He the Foe had overcome,
Brought them *Peace* & *Conquest* home,
Exil'd, in Foreign Parts to Roam,
Ungrateful *REBELS* *VVote* Him:
But spite of all their Insolence,
Inspir'd with God-like Patience,
The Rightful *Heir*, kind Providence
Did to a Throne promote Him.

[8]
May *Justice* at his Elbow wait,
To Defend the *CHURCH* & *STATE*,
The Subject, and This *Monarch's* Date,
May no Storm e're dis sever:
May he long Adorn this Place,
VVith His *Royal Brother's* Grace,
His *Mercy*, and his *Tendernefs*,
To Rule this Land for ever.